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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Much Ado About Nothing.



LAST month, speaking of the exhibition at the American Art Galleries, I hinted that its strength lay largely in the American pictures from The Salon. Since then, two notable pictures have arrived from Paris—Alexander Harrison's "Twilight," and "The Downs," by George W. Chambers. The first named—a marine—is much superior to the same artist's "Graves of the Shipwrecked," also shown here, which relies too much on its size for its impressiveness—a common fault at The Salon, but one, it is fair to say, for which our artists ought not to be blamed too severely; for, on the vast walls of the Palais de l'Industrie, amid gigantic canvases on every side, a painting, to be seen at all, must be large. Quite apart from any such consideration, Mr. Harrison's "Twilight" is deeply impressive. Technically admirable, it is pervaded by the most tender appreciation of one of the sweetest moods of nature. There is an exquisite feeling of the warm, sensuous air of the early summer evening, and, standing before the picture, it is not difficult to imagine that one really hears the plashing of the wavelets as, glinted by the light of the rising moon, they break, and flow over the silvered sands.

It was generally believed in Paris last spring that this painting would have been awarded a medal but for the bitter feeling on the part of the authorities, on account of our thirty per cent duty impost on foreign paintings. Of Mr. Chambers's picture, as of Mr. Harrison's "Graves of the Shipwrecked," one gets a fair idea from the illustrations given in The Art Amateur last June. "The Downs," which, on account of its good hanging, looks better here than it did at The Salon, shows vigorous, honest work, and, evidently, is closely studied from nature. The sense of arrested motion in one of the fisherwomen descending the sand-hill is excellently rendered.

Of the other pictures from The Salon, glowing in color and easily the best in general execution, is "A Hot Bargain," by F. A. Bridgman—a pen sketch was published in this magazine last June, with the artist's title, "Mon Dernier Prix." Very tender in color, and delightfully framed, but noteworthy in no other respect, is "Jeanne (Communion Costume in Brittany)," by E. E. Simmons. Charles A. Platt's "Holland in November" is a firmly painted landscape, full of air. Ogden Wood's "The Mailler Plain" is a vigorous cattle piece. Matilda Lotz's "Friends of the Artist" shows two splendid hounds much better drawn than painted. Bacon's "Who Loves me Follows me," already noticed in these columns, makes a strong point of color in the gallery, although I do not find the blue grass and blue trees agreeable in the picture. The "English Navy," by Herman G. Herkomer, is only a posed model—it pretends to nothing more—but it is an earnest and clever study, full of promise; the brush work is vigorous, and the color is muddy—alike suggestive of the technic of the more famous uncle. It would have been well if Mr. Herkomer had been satisfied with sending this unpretentious single figure; for his "Breton Home" interior, shown in another room, has such grave faults in aerial perspective that one wonders his friends should have let it leave his studio. Frederic S. Dellenbaugh's large painting of fishing boats off Concarneau, waiting for sunrise so that they may enter port, presents a very intelligent effort to give the subtle effect of atmosphere at sea just before dawn; but the artist has failed, as many a better one would have done.

"THE Capricious Model," by Edward Grenet, shows a naughty little "St. John," with his face turned to the wall, resisting all the seductions of bonbons with which the sweet-featured lady who is trying to paint him endeavors to ply him as an inducement to pose for her. The erratic young saint, who is nearly nude and holds a cross, stands upon an old Persian rug, very well painted, by the way. I do not suppose the public has an idea of the troubles of art-

ists who have to use children as models. These youngsters usually are more expensive than adults; because, although you can seldom depend upon their moods, and often waste half a day before they will pose as you wish, they must be paid by the hour all the same. I have in mind the sorrows of a young English lady, whose delightful water-color drawings of children each year delight visitors to The Royal Academy. Those who, at the last exhibition, stopped to admire her rosy-cheeked cherubs—they were girl cherubs—playing with a dog, would hardly believe what trouble they had given her by their antics. When they were not fighting or crying, they usually amused themselves by putting their tongues out or "making faces" at the unhappy little lady, and neither coaxing nor threats would cause them to mend their ways. All this, too, when the artist was sadly behindhand with her picture and only a little time remained for her to get it ready for exhibition.

A LARGE canvas, which has no business in the room devoted to Salon pictures, is the outrageously bad "Portrait of Mlle. Nevada," by A. G. Heaton. It was refused at The Salon, a fact I should not mention but that the picture has been so generally advertised as having been "exhibited at the Paris Salon" that the truth should be told about it. Not to tell it might hold out deceptive hopes of success to other painters who have mistaken their vocation.

IN the other rooms the pictures vary no less in interest and merit. Among the best, certainly, is "A Dutch Typesetter," by C. F. Ulrich, whose steady progress bids fair to justify the fondest hopes of his friends. Admirable, too, is his "Village Printing Shop in Haarlem," although the interior is so much like that of an American country printing-office, and the 'prentice is so much like an American 'prentice, that the picture might be engraved as an illustration for that delightful chapter in "A Modern Instance" in which Mr. Howells introduces us to Bartley Hubbard and the sleepy town of Equity.

ALFRED KAPPES, whose natural talent some of us have inclined to think hardly second to that of Ulrich, surprises the public with a very, very queer picture, with the enigmatic title "???" Knowing something of the ambition and earnestness of the artist, I think I can divine his intention; but it must be said at once that the painting utterly fails to convey it. It shows an old woman, the contortions of whose face one may suppose are meant to depict intense grief—in some way connected with the wreath of immortelles and the coffin seen in the murky background—but which, in fact, make up a grimace which falls nothing short of being repulsively ludicrous. The portrayal of the sacredness of grief becomes a travesty.

"FAIRY TALES," by Constant Mayef, is a group of happy children listening in rapt attention to the reading of a young comrade. The picture is cleverly composed, and is painted in a more lively key of color than is usual with the artist. "One Evening," by Rosina Emmet, shows a fashionably attired young lady, too evidently posed in a flood of gaslight for the purpose of producing a certain color-effect in combination with her costume. Such general subordination to color is not a common fault with Miss Emmet, although not unsuggestive of the school of William M. Chase, where this talented young lady was grounded in her art. In the same room is Mr. Chase's sketchy little canvas, called "The Port of Antwerp," charming in color, and with a delicious sky and impossible water. Mr. Beckwith daringly poses his favorite female model in white drapery, and with bare arms and neck, against a salmon-hued background.

THE most incorrigible of our old-time eccentrics to whom we have been wont to look for jokes in color, it is gratifying to note, have returned to picture-making. Frank Currier, who used to do the queerest things in water-color, has some excellently painted fish; P. P. Ryder, who, I fancy, used to mix his pigments with molasses, has an honest little picture of an old "auntie" full of character; and his quondam fellow-sinner, Blakelock, contributes one of the most delightful little landscapes in the exhibition. But the eccentric, like the poor, are always with us, and the newest apostle of the incoherent is Reginald Cleve-

land Cox, whose "Hella Rock" and "The Runnell Stone Bell" are two water pieces which show plainly that he has vigorous ideas, but at present very limited means of conveying them. The first named has a heavy impasto of white paint, which does not at all express the idea of the whirling, surging waves tumbling over the rocks which Mr. Cox means us to see. And I would submit that when an artist uses this bold method of expression, and insists on painting with a palette knife, there should be no suspicion of timidity. Mr. Cox's handling betrays plainly the absence of spontaneous execution. One ambitious of emulating the splash and sparkle style of Appian or Daubigny needs not only the courage, but the ability of those masters. We have but to look at the gulls in the foreground of "The Hella Rock" to see how Mr. Cox has worried the pigments, and, at last, from sheer despair, succeeded in giving them form only by the ignoble device of piling up paint upon paint. Indeed, this is not the way to acquire force of style.

OF the sculpture, a few words must be said. Conspicuous in the centre of the first gallery is "David Before the Combat," by George T. Brewster, a life-size figure in plaster, excellent in parts, showing careful study and strong work; but, viewed as a whole, unsteady in poise and theatrical in pose. Paul H. Bartlett's plaster statuette, "John Brown," is well conceived and vigorously executed. He sends also a capital study, in bronze, of a crocodile. Karl Gerhardt's plaster group, "Eve's Lullaby," is a graceful composition, modelled with skill, but in no way suggestive of Eve or any one else in particular—a comely and shapely young woman with a baby in her lap: this and nothing more. The same sculptor's "Echo" is a marble female statuette of little merit; his portrait in bronze of "Mark Twain" is at once a good likeness and an artistic piece of modelling. Joseph Echter sends a plaster bust of Dr. Döllinger and one of Mrs. Frank Leslie. Joseph S. Hartley is well represented by "King René's Daughter," a statuette in terra cotta, some pretty busts of children in the same material, and a vigorously modelled bust, in bronze, of Lawrence Barrett as Cassius.

IN the world of ceramic art, this is an age of revivals. There is hardly anything which has been done in this department of industry but which can be and is done in Europe now. The Mintons at Stoke-upon-Trent turn out perfect copies of the almost priceless "Henry Deux ware;" De Morgan, of Chelsea, reproduces the old red lustre of the Moorish pottery, and comes very near the turquoise blue of the Persian; Elliot & Bulkley are showing bits of delicate blue Delft, sent from Holland by an enthusiast who is trying to revive the ceramic industry of the quaint old town which gives its name to the ware. Lately, the reader has been told how the Havilands at Limoges rediscovered the secret of the Chinese "flambé" decoration on hard porcelain; and now these same enterprising Havilands are reviving the manufacture of the once famed faïence de Nevers. That is to say, they are reproducing what was best in the old Nevers ware, and improving on the decoration by the aid of a much wider palette, particularly rich in reds and browns. Sample pieces of this new faïence have arrived here, and I suppose that the ware will be in the market before long. Messrs. Haviland & Co. have also brought out recently a new kind of hard porcelain under the glaze, the decoration of which presents a wonderful range of color.

INDICATIONS are not lacking that the various photographic reproductive processes will soon, practically, usurp the province of wood-engraving. Steel-engraving already is virtually extinct. The wood-engraver of the near future must be a master of his art—an artist, in fact—to obtain employment. There will be plenty of portraiture for a Cole and of landscape work for a Kingsley; but the days of the journeyman of the burin are numbered. It is not easy for a thoughtful person, familiar with the technical and commercial conditions of book and magazine illustrating, to glance at some of the holiday books and come to any other conclusion. The most sumptuous gift-book of the season is "Romeo and Juliet," with photogravure illustrations after F. Dicksee, the London Royal Academician—a splendid folio, issued by Cassell & Co. To say nothing of the attractions of heavy, hand-

made paper, noble margins, faultless rubricated printing, and artistically simple binding, the illustrations are very notable. They are, if I mistake not, from paintings by Mr. Dicksee, and not from drawings, as announced. At least, some of them certainly are, including the frontispiece—the "Balcony Scene"—the original of which I remember seeing at the Royal Academy in 1883; it was theatrically lighted—a greenish hue—which, with other defects, detracted greatly from its merit; a painting; but, reproduced here in monochrome, the picture is admirable. So, indeed, are nearly all the other pictures in the book, most of them printed on the same pages as the text. The general excellence is so high, that separate criticism of each plate is uncalled for.

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HERE we have what may be considered in book illustration as legitimate reproduction of an artist's brush work. The carefully finished execution of the academical school to which Mr. Dicksee belongs is such that the copy shows few blemishes which the after-handling of a photogravure plate—the idea that a photogravure is an *untouched* reproduction is a popular error—will not easily remove. For such work the new mode of illustration is well adapted. Not so, in my judgment, with such a book as "The Seven Ages of Man," just brought out by J. B. Lippincott & Co., which, according to the title-page, is "illustrated with photogravures from original paintings." Some, if indeed not all, of these "original paintings" appear to be only such monochrome sketches in oil as are commonly photographed down upon the engraver's block preparatory to his cutting. The edition before me is called "the Artists' Edition;" in the general edition, it may be remarked, the pictures are executed upon wood. The designs are of varying merit, and some of them, while in themselves forcible, it does not seem possible could have been made originally for the purpose of illustrating Shakespeare's lines. "The Infant," by F. S. Church, is a decorative composition, in which "the infant" is a mere incident; "The Whining Schoolboy," by W. St. John Harper, is not whining at all, but rejoicing in the capture of a bird's nest; and the "Second Childishness," by Walter Shirlaw, looks like a study for the mad King Lear.

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ANOTHER example of what may be said to be a fit use of photogravure in illustration is seen in the portfolio of "Character Sketches from Dickens," from original drawings by Frederick Barnard, brought out by Cassell & Co. The originals probably are carefully finished brush drawings in sepia or india ink. Mr. Barnard has given us here just what, from the novelist's descriptions, one would think he intended to make Pecksniff, Peggotty, Rogue Riderhood and the two Wellers. They all show character without the aid of caricature. The artist's Little Nell and Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter are hardly more than conventionally good; but not much more, I suppose, could be said for the originals by Dickens.

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JUST now that it is reported that Edwin Arnold is to visit America, it is particularly gratifying to note that the merited, though long-deferred, honor of giving his poem, "The Light of Asia," the appropriate setting of fine printing and first-class illustration has at last been accorded to it. Considering the great success of the work, it is surprising this has not been done before. The publishers, J. R. Osgood & Co., deserve credit not only for the excellence of the woodcuts, but also for the method of the illustrations. Instead of following the prevalent custom of the trade, especially at holiday time, of overloading the pages of a good book with pictures of trivial subjects out of all proportion to their value in the text, the more artistic method has been chosen of giving such illustrations only as are in keeping with the pervading spirit of the subject. The woodcuts are taken chiefly from photographs of Buddhist sculptures and frescoes found in the ancient ruins of Asia, averaging two thousand years old. They will be best appreciated by those who appreciate the poem.

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THE always welcome Christmas numbers of The Illustrated London News and The London Graphic are at hand, aglow as usual with numerous colored pictures. The large supplement of each being by the same artist, Phil R. Morris, one is tempted to compare the execution of the two plates. A glance suffices

to show the superiority of the work of The Graphic, soberly and artistically treated in quiet tints—evidently done from zinc blocks—over that of its rival, which presents only the ordinary, gorgeous-hued chromo of commerce, coarsely printed from the stone.

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TWENTY-FOUR colored designs for Prang's Christmas cards for 1885, by well-known artists, were exhibited at Reichard's Gallery last month, prizes for which, amounting to \$2000, are to be awarded on the judgment of dealers. Among the most appropriate, perhaps, were Frederick Dielman's, showing a group of pretty children looking out of a frame of holly, and W. St. John Harper's fireside scene of a mother and little girl embroidering a scarf, into which are already woven the words "Merry Christmas." E. H. Blashfield had a well-colored and spirited design of angels, with wildly flowing hair and draperies, announcing "the good tidings;" but unfortunately the angels look like a lot of frightened young women at a window, shouting an alarm of fire, an effect enhanced by the lurid aspect of the background. A good thing in angels would be T. W. Dewing's (or Burne-Jones's) gaunt damsels playing golden harps entwined with lilies, were it not that one red-haired young Irish woman seems to have served as the model for all.

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THERE have been comparatively few picture importations of consequence since the thirty per cent went into effect last summer. Excellent foreign paintings are to be seen at some of the galleries; but it is significant that at three of the leading dealers the show picture has been an American work from The Salon of 1884. At Schaus's is "The Quartet," the imposing canvas of W. T. Dannat, which reminds one at once of the picture by J. S. Sargent, which a year ago held the same position in the same gallery. Like that, it is a scene in a Spanish tavern, and represents itinerant musicians, except that in Dannat's picture they are the sole actors, while in Sargent's they were merely incidental to the principal figure—a dancing woman. It is painted in the same sober tone, the highest note being struck by the bows of bright red ribbon on the skirt of the woman's dress, as in Sargent's picture the highest point of color was reached in the orange placed upon a chair.

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HAVING said so much, the comparison must cease. What a fascinating picture Mr. Dannat has produced! The actors in themselves have only a picturesque interest; but, after contemplating the scene for awhile, one fancies he can hear the rough cadence of their song and the twang of the guitar of the fellow with his back turned to us, and the accompaniment of his companion's mandolin. Then we regret that the room in the tavern is only dimly lighted by the stream of sunshine coming through the broken slats of the Venetian blinds—only the stream is much too solidly painted for real sunshine—for, having admired Mr. Dannat's sound drawing and his skill in giving the textures of the clothing of the performers, we begin to feel that we should like to see more of their faces. But this was not the artist's intention. He has shown all we have a right to expect, under the conditions of the painting, and that we are so interested that we want to see more than this is, perhaps, the best evidence of the success the artist has achieved in his undertaking.

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AT Knoedler's was shown F. A. Bridgman's picture, "The Bath at Home," a life-like scene of an interior at Cairo, with a mother sitting on the marble floor of the bath-room, towel in hand, waiting for the brown-skinned little urchin to come out of his tub, which he seems strongly disinclined to do. The artist has cleverly availed himself of the opportunities for rich color afforded by the subject, and although the technic of the picture is, very properly, not obtrusive, one is bound to admire the skilful contrast of textures.

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THE third of these striking American pictures from The Salon is J. L. Stewart's "Five O'clock Tea," which has attracted a host of fashionable visitors to Reichard's Gallery, where it is on exhibition. It is, of course, a picture of fashion, and therefore somewhat frivolous in subject; but no one who will study it can say that there is anything frivolous in its execution. A more honest painting has not been seen here for many a day. The drawing-room to which we are introduced is decidedly Parisian, but the dozen ladies

and gentlemen assembled I take to be compatriots of the painter. Mr. Stewart has—for an artist—the unusual privilege of possessing a rich father, and lives in generous style in a fashionable quarter of the French capital. It would seem that these American friends have "looked in upon" his family. The composition is natural, the painting of the figures solid, the color harmonious and suitably gay in key, the handling free and sure, and there is, above all, throughout the picture a sense of air which relieves, to a wonderful degree, the objects in the room, and meets the difficult conditions of the perspective. This is no small thing to accomplish, when it is considered that the spectator looks right across the room to the large window which forms a great part of the background, and the artist has to manage also the light in the street, which filters through the partly drawn silk window-shades.

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HERE I am at the end of my space, and unable to speak of a tithe of the excellent paintings on exhibition at the principal dealers, with memoranda of which "My Note Book" is charged. As a month must elapse before the subject can be resumed, let me advise the reader to anticipate the critic for the nonce, by calling and seeing for himself. At Knoedler's he will find, among others, characteristic examples of Aubert, Bonnat, De Neuville, Rico, Schreyer, Kaulbach and Verboeckhoven, and of D. R. Knight, J. G. Brown and Edward Moran; at Reichard's a most attractive bit of genre painting by Berce Karlovsky, a new man of the Munkacsy school, and canvases of Robie, Madrazo, Chialiva and Lerolle, and of W. T. Dannat, H. P. Smith and Leon Moran. This list of names might be extended to include many admirable pictures at Avery's and Kohn's. But such an extension would not be much more interesting than Homer's catalogue of the ships. In closing, however, be it said that some notable foreign pictures, including Gérôme's "Lions in the Desert" and Vibert's "Trial of Pierrot," a water-color, were shown recently—amid much rubbish—at Matthews's auction room. They belonged, I am told, to Haseltine, the Philadelphia dealer.

MONTEZUMA.

Music and Drama.

"The night shall be filled with music."

—Longfellow.

Hamlet.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?

Polonius.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

THE Happy New Year which everybody now wishes for everybody else began for the theatrical managers on Thanksgiving Day. As suddenly as sunshine from a wintry sky a beam of good business brightened up all the playhouses. In spite of the rival attractions of opera in Italian and opera in German, and the social festivals of Thanksgiving week, the theatres were overcrowded for the first time this season.

I do not mean to say that the two opera-houses were not crowded also. On the contrary, both, like the first Mrs. Dombey, made an effort, and both, unlike Mrs. Dombey, were successful. Indeed, the operatic season at the Academy and the Metropolitan has been too brilliant to be ignored.

Colonel Mapleson, a veritable gambler in opera, began his game with only one strong card in his hand—the Queen of Song, the incomparable Patti. The Academy directors were shrewd enough to keep in their own hands the money subscribed to pay Patti, and thus, although the gallant Colonel grumbled at first, the continuance of the opera was assured. There was no great tenor, no great baritone, no great basso, in the Academy troupe. It was a case of Madame Favart and her dolls.

But if Colonel Mapleson be a gambler, he has good luck. In the middle of the season fate sent him Emma Nevada, a new American prima donna, who had made a promising début at Paris and had come home to be married. She consented to sing at the Academy, and made an immediate success in "La Somnambula." Presto! The situation changed. Colonel Mapleson became the bosom friend of his former enemies, the directors, and persuaded them to subscribe another fund to pay Miss Nevada.

Then the Academy season went smoothly along with Patti and Nevada, just as it did, a year ago, with Patti and Gerster. The Patti nights were called fare-